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THE BYSTANDER
May 22, 1940.

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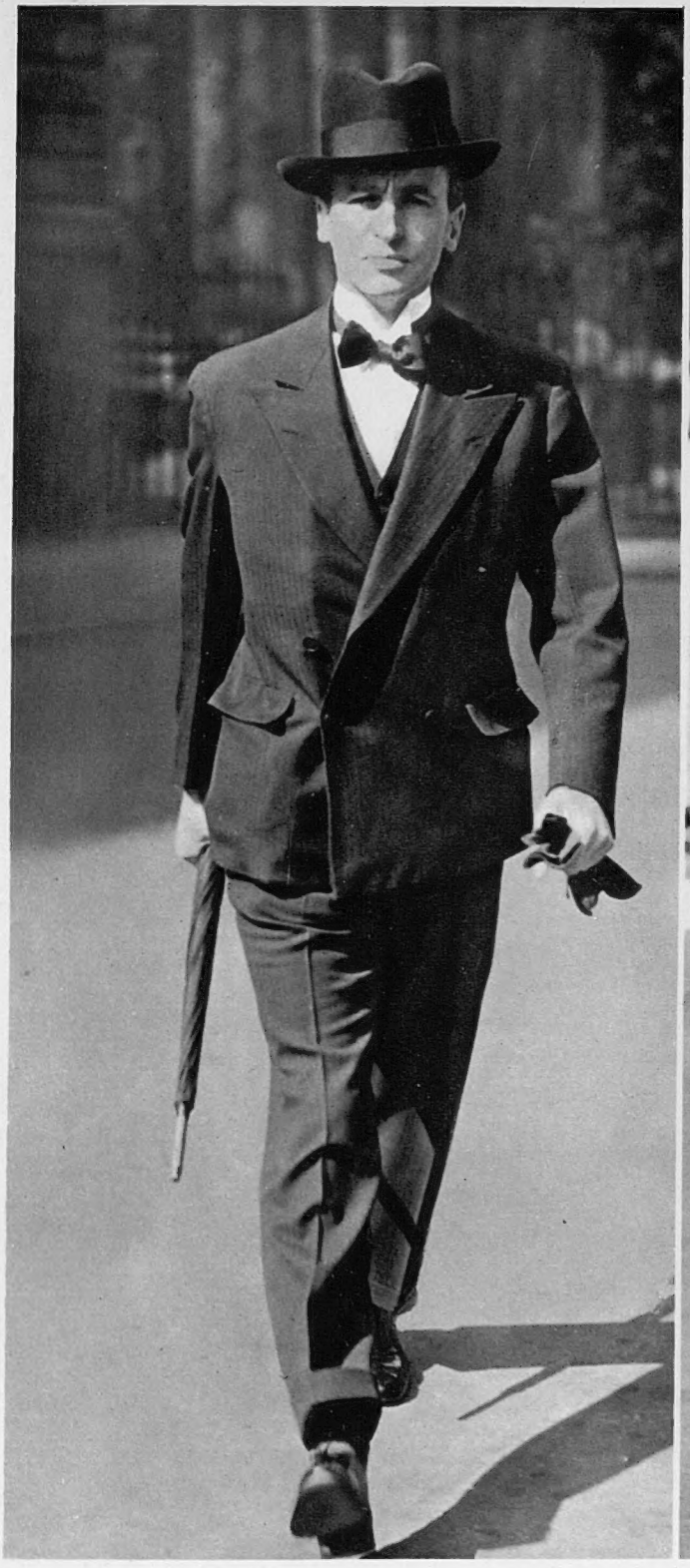


Air : the Liberal Minister and the Minister for Aircraft Production

Sir Archibald Sinclair, Leader of the Opposition Liberals in the House of Commons, joined Mr. Churchill's Government as Minister for Air on May 11th. Lord Beaverbrook's appointment to the new post of Minister for Aircraft Production was announced three days later. The all-party character of the new administration has its highest illustration in the trio of Defence Ministers — a Labour First Lord of the Admiralty, a Conservative War Secretary, and a Liberal Secretary for Air. Sir Archibald Sinclair held office briefly in 1931-2 as Secretary of State for Scotland. In his present vitally important post, in which he succeeds Sir Samuel Hoare, his closest ally will be the indefatigable Lord Beaverbrook. If aeroplanes are not now produced with stupendous speed, it will not be for lack of drive and enthusiasm in the Minister for Aircraft Production. Lord Beaverbrook left his first meeting at 10, Downing Street looking as if he felt himself the man for the job

The People's Food

The King recently visited the Ministry of Food headquarters in Horseferry Road, Westminster. With Lord Woolton, Food Minister, he spent some time examining maps and charts of the emergency control food storage areas into which Great Britain has been divided. Lord Woolton remains at the Food Ministry in Mr. Churchill's Government, took his first action (as far as the public is concerned) after his appointment by reducing the sugar and butter rations, sugar by a third from next Monday, butter by half from Monday week. But, he said, "whatever happens, you shall have food"

The Chancellor, the Premier, the War Secretary

"I would say to the House as I said to those who have joined this Government: I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears and sweat." So, as all the world knows, said Mr. Churchill when he made his first speech to the House of Commons as Prime Minister. And the country read his words and recognised their leader. With the Premier here are his Chancellor of the Exchequer and his Secretary of State for War. Sir Kingsley Wood replaces Sir John Simon, vacating the office of Lord Privy Seal which he had held for just a month, after being Air Secretary since 1938. Mr. Anthony Eden takes over from Mr. Oliver Stanley, leaving his former Dominions Office to Viscount Caldecote

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

As I write, the great battle in Flanders and on the Meuse is being joined. So far the first week has been a wild rush of mechanized troops and an unparalleled warfare in the air. But all this has been more or less in the nature of skirmishes of the advance guards in comparison with what is ahead. The British Expeditionary Force has only just taken its place in the front line, and at this very moment is fighting its first battle.

It is inevitable that the minds of many people should go back to October 31st, 1914, when the old B.E.F. was fighting near Ypres against the German advance. That day was the most critical of the whole of the war of 1914-1918. The B.E.F., exhausted after ten weeks of marching and fighting, had to hold a thin line of shallow trenches against overwhelming odds. They had only rifles and an occasional machine-gun, but by some miracle they held their ground and the day was saved. The modern B.E.F. has great advantages over its predecessor. It is fresh and it is magnificently armed and equipped. And it has beside it the Belgian Army on one side, battered but still intact, and on the other the French.

The collapse of Holland came as a heavy blow to some people, but to anyone who had looked at the maps it was inevitable. The famous water defences were not really defences at all, and a central thrust towards Rotterdam must always inevitably cut the country in half. I do not think that anyone seriously expected prolonged resistance from the Dutch. And strategically its fall is not important. The northern bastion of the present Allied line is, and always has been, Antwerp. Holland will only be a danger if and when the German Air Force and the German submarines find time and opportunity to use it as a base for operations against this country.

The professional pessimists are with us in full force. They go about with faces a yard long, saying that the Germans have penetrated the Maginot Line, that the bombers will be over London to-morrow, that the parachutists will be swarming in East Anglia on the next day, and so on and so on. I must say they infuriate me. There are different ways in which a Fifth Column can operate, and I am strongly of opinion that the man or woman who spreads defeatist stories is as much a menace in his or her own humble way as the spy or the traitor. As for the spreaders of unfounded rumours, they ought to be seized and marched off to the nearest police-station and charged under the Defence of the Realm Act. Perhaps there is no section of that Act under which they could be charged, but the ignominy of being seized and hauled off would be enough to deter them for a day or two.

The achievement of the B.B.C. in blandly accepting a telephone message and broadcasting it at once is almost incredible. It just shows that the Norwegians were not alone in their folly when they accepted the bogus telegram ordering them not to fire at German ships in the Oslo Fjord. I happened to be in the B.B.C. building myself a few days ago, and one of the officials there was talking in a loud voice in a corridor as if the whole war was over. I expostulated with the youth, and pointed out that the Germans had not yet even reached the Allied fixed defences. "Don't believe all you're told," he retorted. And when I expostulated again, he informed me that warfare moves more quickly now than it did in 1914. I was just getting angry with him when he bolted to some duty or other.

Grim times are ahead of us. Nothing is more certain than that. But we have faced grim times in the past, and we have come out victorious in the end. Nothing is to be gained and much is to be lost by defeatism.

(Concluded on page 224)

Princess Juliana *stepped from the train at Liverpool Street on her arrival in London on May 13th. She held by the hand her elder daughter, two-year-old Princess Beatrix, siren-suited for the journey. Lord Harewood met them at the station on behalf of the King. Later that same day the King welcomed her mother*

The bomb-proof cot *containing nine-months-old Princess Irene, younger daughter of Princess Juliana and Prince Bernhard, was carried into the Eaton Square home of Jonkheer De Marees van Swinderen, former Netherlands Minister to Great Britain, where they were given hospitality*

Royal Refugees Seek Sanctuary in England

Even after the Netherlands were invaded by Germany, the reigning house were determined to remain in their country. However, a very definite move by the enemy to surround and capture both the Queen and her Government forced them to leave and to accept King George's offer of a refuge in England. Within a few hours the Dutch Queen broadcast a proclamation to her people, and has since declared to both Britain and America that "morally we can never be conquered"

The young family *set out to take the sun the morning after they arrived in England. The children looked none the worse for their hurried journey. Prince Bernhard was wearing the uniform of his adopted country*

Sturdy Princess Beatrix, *carrying dolls in national dress, crossed the road alone behind her mother and her baby sister's pram, guided by the policeman, to go and play in Eaton Square garden. The informality of the scene, the sunny morning, the quiet square, were in sharp contrast to the dangers of a few hours before. Princess Juliana's appearance in her light summer frock and sandals is typical of the simplicity and good sense of Holland's Royal Family*

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 222)

MR. CHURCHILL has filled his Government, and his appointments have met with widespread and wholehearted approval. He has collected a very formidable team, and one which deserves the hundred-per-cent loyalty of the country. Mr. Chamberlain himself set a fine example in his broadcast speech announcing his resignation, and it will be well if the more enthusiastic and hot-headed of his supporters in the House of Commons follow that example. So far, some of them have by no means followed it. The country is in no mood to tolerate a Fifth Column, from whatever quarter it may raise its treacherous head.

IT is a good instance of Mr. Churchill's breadth of vision that he has appointed Mr. Amery to the India Office. Mr. Amery was one of the most vigorous opponents of Mr. Churchill in the great struggle over the India Bill, and in the course of that struggle Mr. Amery said quite a number of harsh things about the present Prime Minister. In many ways Mr. Amery is one of the most Liberal of the Conservatives, and it was a bold and generous gesture to send him to the India Office.

THE two main appointments, of course, are those of Mr. Herbert Morrison to Supply and Mr. Ernest Bevin to Labour. Another post, the Scottish Office, was quickly found for the energetic and popular Mr. Ernest Brown, but I do not think I am being unduly harsh when I say that I doubt if many tears will be shed at the departure of Mr. Burgin from the Ministry of Supply. Other popular appointments are those of Mr. Malcolm MacDonald to the Ministry of Health, and Mr. Duff Cooper to the Ministry of Information.

SIR JOHN REITH'S remarkable period of negligibility at the Ministry of Information comes to an end not a moment too soon. Sir John has many important qualities, but I doubt if anyone has ever suggested awarding him a diploma for psychology or for tact. Mr. Duff Cooper, on the other hand, knows his fellow-men, is himself an author of distinction, and understands America a good deal better than most Englishmen.

ANOTHER Ministerial appointment which has caused the greatest interest is that of Lord Beaverbrook. Harsh things have been said about his Lordship in the past by many people (of whom I have been one), but no one has ever denied his energy, his drive, his vision, and his power of getting things done, and getting them done quickly. There has been an appalling amount of red-tape in the production of aircraft in the last two years, but a better cutter of red-tape than Lord Beaverbrook could not be imagined.

THE Fascist Party in Italy is not making at the moment a notable contribution to the cause of Civilisation. It is impossible to believe that the kindly and gay Italian people really approve of the mobbing of Englishwomen in the streets, or of the pro-German propaganda which is poured out incessantly from official sources. But dictators do not stop to ask what their people think, and the gay and kindly peasant may find himself marching to war at any moment without his opinion being asked. Whether he will fight with great enthusiasm is another matter. The Fascist hooligans themselves won't fight. That, I think, we may take for certain. But they will win many notable victories over old ladies in the streets of Rome before they 've finished.

IT is good news to hear that the forty-one members of the Sadler's Wells Ballet who began a tour of Holland on May 6th have escaped safely. They gave a gala performance at The Hague to a packed and enthusiastic audience, and were actually performing in Arnhem on the day before the invasion. When they got back to The Hague in the small hours of the morning, they were just in time to see the first air-battle overhead. Now they are preparing to start their summer season at Sadler's Wells on June 4th.

MR. ROBERT HELPMANN, a member of the Wells ballet, had some interesting things to say about the Dutch Fifth Column, and about the parachutists. The Fifth Column, he said, consisted not only of Germans, but of Dutch traitors. " People who had been good citizens for fifteen years suddenly appeared as enemies." The majority of the parachutists, he said, were boys of sixteen or seventeen belonging to the Hitler Youth movement. They were convinced that they were fighting to protect the Dutch against the English, and were completely confident of the justice of their cause.

THERE was a charming misprint in the " Passing Hour " of last week for which I offer, in between occasional giggles, my apologies. The horrible truth is that Mr. Isherwood, the English poet who is spending the war in California, figured in these pages as Mr. Joneswood. There is something rather comic about the name Joneswood, but I have no doubt that if it was the name that belonged to a poet, it would appear to be elegant and distinguished. Anyhow, I apologise to Mr. Isherwood, and also to any Joneswoods who may be around the place. They also may have their complaint. And I hope the poet himself is enjoying California.

I WENT to see Mr. Leslie Henson in his revue *Up and Doing*. The first time I saw Mr. Henson was in 1916, in a musical comedy called *To-night's the Night*. The years rolled back, and I could still see the small, slender figure in the pink cap and the white flannels, as he appeared as Henry in the best of all wartime musical comedies. Mr. Henson has filled out a little in figure, perhaps, and thinned a trifle on top, but the face remains the same, and that is enough.

***Matron** of a new Bentinck Street nursing home is Princess Arthur of Connaught, standing here in its operating theatre. She trained at St. Mary's, Paddington, and the Samaritan Hospital for Women; has had fifteen years hospital experience. Every domestic detail in the home, from colour schemes to kitchen crockery, has been worked out by Princess Arthur herself*

***Refugees** from Holland and Belgium have arrived in large numbers this last week. One of the many London organisations helping with their reception is the Chelsea branch of the Women's Voluntary Services. Head of the branch is Lady Lucas-Tooth (right), here with one of her helpers, Lady Muspratt. Fifty-five empty Chelsea houses have been turned into refugee hostels, and had to be fully equipped in a very short time*

" CLEVER PEOPLE "

In connecting Mr. Harold Forster (" Clever People " April 17th, 1940, page 89) with the " Black Magic " Chocolate Girl we did not know that his fellow artist, Mr. Stanley Davis, has an equal share in this series.

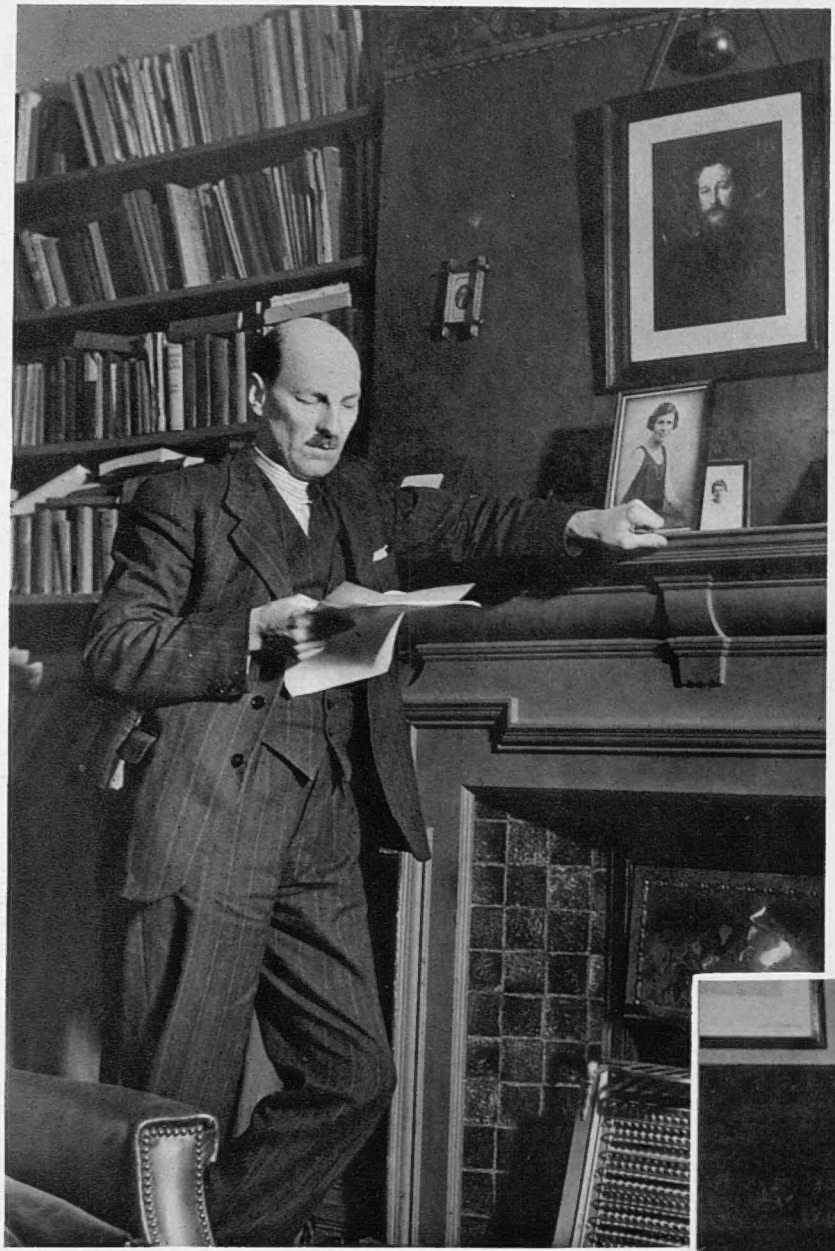
The Paper Problem

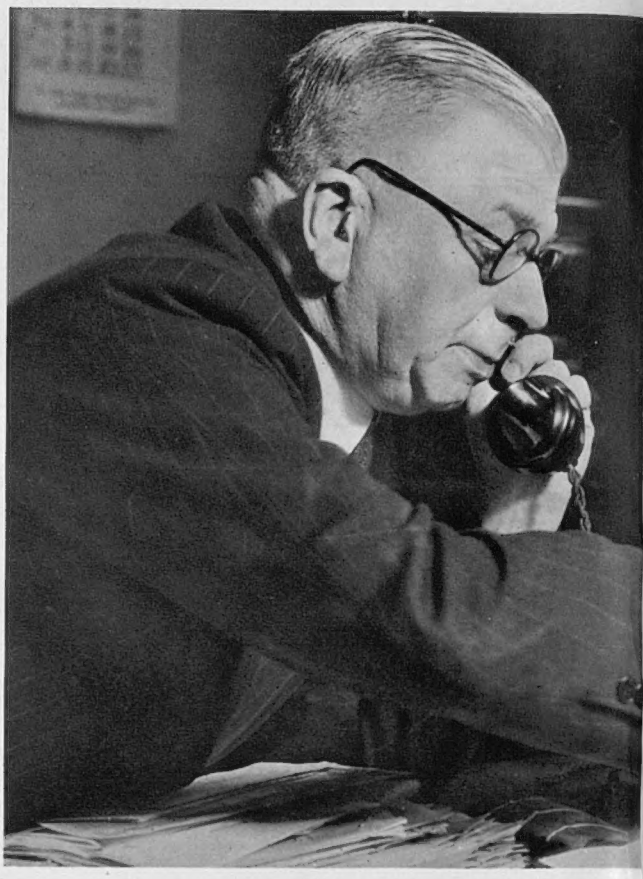
In view of the paper shortage, to make sure of your copy of the *Bystander* each week, it is essential to give your newsagent a standing order. This helps him, you and us. Thank you!

A Chasseur Alpin Mounts Guard

A force of small, strong Frenchmen carrying skis and large packs was landed at a northern British port on their return from Namsos. General Mittelhauser, who had been sent on a mission to General Sir Edmund Ironside by General Gamelin, in addressing these Chasseurs Alpins, praised the calm bearing and rigid discipline which had enabled them to outwit the enemy. Since then, a combined force of British, French, Polish and Norwegians has been closing in on Narvik, and tanks have been landed by the French at Bjerkvik

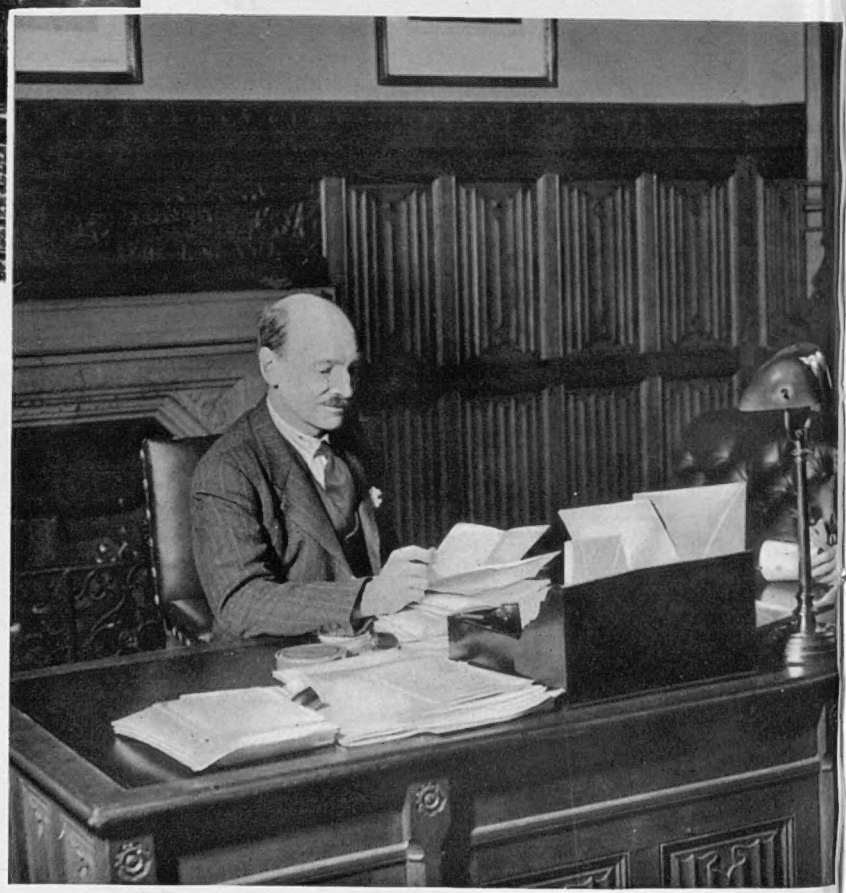
Three Labour Ministers in the National Government





Mr. A. V. Alexander, First

Mr. Alexander's appointment was included in the first statement on on May 11th. Replacing Mr. Churchill at the Admiralty, he joins triumvirate for Defence. Though not members of the new War Minister, so that Mr. Churchill, in his double capacity of Premier the efforts of all the fighting Services. Albert V. Alexander is no with great success as First Sea Lord from 1929 to 1931 in the in 1930, authorised the first general equipment of submarines with artisan engineer, he received an elementary education in Bristol, the honorary rank of Captain, was for many years a Baptist lay of Tiverton. He has been Co-operative Member for the Hills- and again since 1935. The Co-operative movement has always the Parliamentary Committee of its Congress, he has since the war



Mr. Clement Attlee, Lord Privy Seal

While Allied troops thundered across Belgium to meet the onslaught of Hitler's armies, the British Labour Party, at their Bournemouth Conference, gave to the world a striking demonstration of this country's political solidarity. With a tremendous card-vote majority of two and a quarter million, they approved the National Executive's decision to take office under Mr. Churchill. Labour's rapid move across the floor of the House and the dramatic reconstruction of the entire Government in the midst of a great military crisis is yet another proof of the resilience and strength of democracy. The Labour leader, fifty-seven-year-old Clement Richard Attlee, is now, as Lord Privy Seal, a member of Mr. Churchill's War Cabinet of five. In the last Labour Government he was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster and Postmaster-General. When the National Government took office in 1931 he became Deputy Leader of the Opposition, succeeding the late George Lansbury as Leader in 1935. This quiet, studious, home-loving man has been a lawyer, a social science lecturer, a soldier for five years, Mayor of Stepney, and for eighteen Labour Member for Limehouse. He married in 1922, has a son and three daughters, a house and a big library at Stanmore (above), a room (as Opposition Leader) in the House of Commons, where Ramsay MacDonald and George Lansbury also sat in front of linen-fold panelling and "Fear the Lord Always" in Victorian Gothic over the fireplace

Lord of the Admiralty

Ministerial changes issued from Downing Street Mr. Eden and Sir Archibald Sinclair as the Cabinet, they are working directly under the Prime and Minister for Defence, co-ordinates and directs stranger to the Admiralty, having already served Labour Government. Incidentally, it was he who, the Davis escape apparatus. The son of an served in the last war, was gazetted out with preacher, in 1908 married Esther Ellen Chapple, borough Division of Sheffield from 1922 to '31 been his absorbing passion, and as Secretary of had to deal with vast supplies of food, coal, clothing

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Mr. Arthur Greenwood, Minister Without Portfolio

Second Labour Member of the Churchill War Cabinet is the tough, vigorous, plain-spoken Yorkshireman who was Deputy Leader of the Opposition. All his hard-working life has been devoted to the Labour cause, but his terrific energies have run in wide channels. He has been in Parliament since 1922, first for Nelson and Colne, and for Wakefield since 1932. In the 1929-31 Labour administration he was Minister for Health. Economics, international relations, education are other matters with which he has been actively concerned, and he is secretary of his party's Research and Information Department. When Mr. Attlee was ill during last summer and early autumn, Arthur Greenwood became Acting Opposition Leader, and made a tremendous impression both on the House and the country during the weeks just before and just after war began. In November he was asked to accept nomination for the leadership, but refused to stand against Attlee, who is a close personal friend. Travelling about the country at week-ends, he wrote his latest book, "Why We Fight," an exposition of the Labour attitude to war. For relaxation he reads poetry

Penelope Dudley Ward, Thriller Heroine

Penelope Dudley Ward was driving away from the Beaconsfield Studios after finishing work in *The Frightened Lady*. This is the second English production of the late Edgar Wallace's psychological thriller, again made by British Lion, the film company founded by the author, and will probably be shown in the West End during the next few weeks. The earlier version brought film fame to Emlyn Williams; this time his part is played by Marius Goring, and Penelope Dudley Ward follows in the footsteps of Cathleen Nesbitt. She was effective as the society girl in *The Citadel*, but this starring role marks a great advance, and Gabriel Pascal recently signed her up in the brilliant cast he has assembled for Shaw's *Major Barbara*, which is now on location at Dartington Hall. Daughter of the present Marquise de Casa Maury, Penelope Dudley Ward was married soon after war broke out to Tony Pélissier, son of Fay Compton

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" Who 's been and torn out the social page? "

HALF the world's telephones—about twenty millions, if you insist—are in use in the United States at the moment, according to an official U.S. survey. This looks to us like a challenge to Sweden, which, possessing more telephones per head than any other country, leads world-civilisation. If you think this remark pure whimsy, look up recent speeches by Slogger Attlee and other British politicians on Scandinavian Culture, the finest in the world. We once infuriated a thinker of this type by remarking that the Spaniards have been using electric light in their smallest Pyrenæan villages for the past fifty years or so. However, electric light doesn't count, and the Latins are notoriously backward in the matter of telephones, so it 's not surprising that they have little or no culture. It 's hardly surprising, either, that the Americans are creeping up rapidly on the Swedes in this test-matter of civilisation. Those restless boys are born telephone-addicts, relinquishing the odious machine with reluctance as they drop off to sleep, and reaching for it automatically (" Gimme long-distance ! ") next morning before they are properly awake. Fifty years hence this will save America the trouble of learning to read and write, and Progress will have made one more gigantic stride in some direction or other.

Dig into *Remembrance of Things Past*, by Slogger Proust—it 's just by your bed—and you will find a brief Proustian sentence lasting some 55 pages, arch, gay, and quite exhausting, describing the Slogger's impressions on telephoning to his grandmamma for the first time (circa 1900, we judge). Anyone knowing the French telephone-service even twenty years later will realise that Proust wrote these pages while actually waiting to be put through. They 've made the service efficient now, but in our faltering view it was almost ideal as it was, the absolutely ideal telephone, of course, being one which never rings and neither transmits nor receives anything whatsoever. Which raises the real nub, if you can raise a nub, of the Swedish question—namely, *are all those vaunted Swedish telephones genuine ?* If they are, what in Heaven's name do the Swedes find to telephone to each other about ? Once you 've described one fjord, or one Swede, or one pair of goloshes, you 've described them all. It wouldn't shock us greatly if the Swedes had been fooling the world for years with millions of dummy telephones, in which case their civilisation is not so dusty after all, we dare concede.

Gestapo

A LONDON borough ædile has been complaining that it is " un-English " to employ women to go round tempting butchers to exceed the meat-ration, and last week a food-inspector in another borough was said to have begged for and got excess sugar from a grocer " as a means of obtaining evidence to secure enforcement of food-orders." So, as you observe, the merry *agent-provocateur* is busy as ever, like the citizens who have been sticking knives into fellow-citizens in this country regularly for the past 1000 years—another un-English practice, as every magistrate concerned indignantly observes. However, butchers seem to get more fun than grocers if (as one must assume) the women employed to tempt them are luscious and desirable, fondling shoulders of mutton with provocative *oeillades* from under long silken lashes. A chap who knows the racket tells us they are generally named Lolo and Tinette and Kiki, or (if of that succulent dark Southern type which appeals to more sensual butchers) La Carmencita, Lunita, Concepcion, and so forth. Big gay seductive eyes and lips like —as an erring porkbutcher recently sighed on the way to jug—a scarlet wound are essential, and the spheres of action are carefully selected. For example (said this chap), what will make a Camden Town butcher swoon may leave a butcher in West Kensington cold as his own chopping-slab. Sometimes butchers are discovered to be entirely proof against Love's darts, and some exquisite Titian-haired creature lounging and ogling round the chops may get no better response from her prospective dupe than a stern cry of " Stop muckin' that meat abaht, can't ya ? " In these cases (this chap said) La Carmencita or Bibi La Follette is taken off the job and other methods used, such as getting a tall strong ex-gym mistress named Hilda Gridsworthy to interest the stony butcher in jiu-jitsu and weight-lifting. There are a thousand thousand ways to a butcher's heart, as Keats said, and the Central Provocation Office knows 'em all.

We asked if many of these lovely *agentes-provocatrices* defeat the Law's ends as so many girl spies do, by falling in love with their victim once the extra pound of steak is handed over, the whistle blown, and the dicks on the spot, but he said not many. We asked why, and he

" Will it greatly inconvenience your campaign, gentlemen, if I borrow Oslo for a moment? "

said this was due partly to intrinsic modesty, partly to professional indifference, and partly to the disagreeable attitude of butchers' wives. The girls make £5 a week, with allowances for frocks, make-up, perfumes, etc.

Rally

GRIM as the outlook may sometimes seem, pregnant with foreboding catastrophe and doom, twilight, annihilation, and the veiling of the gods, nothing can stop Auntie *Times's* faithful Nature Rovers reporting the recent movements of butterflies, and very interesting they are. Numbers of Painted Ladies arrived in the North of England from the South of France some time ago, rather stupidly reminding the thoughtful inevitably of weak-minded blondes who believe what they are told by City slickers after dinner. ("I'm just a dreamer too, little girl. Listen, little girl, don't call me Mr. Glockenspiel, call me 'Laddie.'") Doubtless there are stockbrokeresque butterflies who fool the girls similarly, and we bet their more sophisticated sisters, fluttering over the sunny beaches of St. Jean de Luz and Juan-les-Pins, under skies of lapis-lazuli, are laughing their antennæ off at this moment. The Comma Butterfly has also been reported in various places in Great Britain by Auntie's little nephews and nieces, and we often feel they ought to have a department to themselves, like the Kiddie's Corner of country newspapers, full of prizes and chummery. "Rover Timothy Teatime (No. 5678) of the Rectory, King's Snorting, Beds., reports seeing a Comma Butterfly this week! Timothy, who is nearly eighty, scooped Rovers baldheaded with the first chiff-chaff three weeks ago, and was runner-up with Rover Lady Una Plodge in our big Cuckoo Competition. Bravo, Timothy! Auntie is sending you a hug and a Badge of Honour this week, and—hush!—a special half-crown! And now I want every *Times* Rover to learn our lovely new Rally Song," etc., etc.

This butterfly-complex of Auntie's has a Freudian significance, we find. A psycho-analyst we know traces it back to the Victorian 'eighties, when Auntie, in common with a lot of other respectable people, was stung on the bustle by a vivacious butterfly with talons and a horrid barbed tail who turned out to be Whistler. And all, Chicks, because Auntie first refused to print one of Whistler's letters, and finally printed only those portions she judged seemly and proper! Wicked, rebellious butterfly! No wonder his pictures were no good.

Rap

IT seems incredible that our native Reds should ever suffer a mild rebuff, but the action of the L.C.C. in shelving the Lenin plaque question till 1944 looks dangerously like it. The Communist Party last June demanded a plaque—you know the circular blue-and-white, "Here Lived——" kind—for 30, Holford Square, Clerkenwell, where Lenin is alleged to have lodged in 1903. The evidence for this being conflicting, and the chance of rocks being heaved at the plaque by emotional citizens of anti-Red leanings being apparently good, the L.C.C. have taken refuge with sighs of relief behind their own 20-years-after-death regulation. So Little Red Father gets no official honours in Clerkenwell, and some of his British devotees may feel they aren't earning Stalin's roubles. Once again we roll a round, bloodshot, questioning eye towards our Ally, and co-champion of Democracy, who is still vigorously rounding up the Reds of France, jugging them, depriving them of civic rights, and treating them as pests, traitors, and poison. If the remaining French Communists demanded a plaque of honour for the wall of the Closerie des Lilas, opposite the Bal Bullier, where Lenin used to meet his Russian buddies every night over a café-crème when he lived in Montparnasse, what do you think the Municipality would say? Would it be a rough, rude thing or would it be just a little mother, like the L.C.C. (known as "Wendy Darling" to its numerous friends and admirers)? You know the answer as well as we do.

Fodder

WITH some relief we read that the Scottish troops in France are now getting their oatmeal-ration regularly, oatmeal porridge, as you are well aware, being the diet which makes the Scots bigger and finer and wiser and stronger and cleverer and holier and greater and more marvellous than anybody else in the world, having also thicker eyebrows and taking a nobler size in hats. This truth was once challenged in the Middle Ages, when a Scottish licentiate being examined for his Arts degree, at the Sorbonne, was called on to deny, in the formal logic of the Schools, that chaps who live on horses' food are barbarians. This charge was also the basis of one of Dr. Johnson's favourite anti-Scottish cracks, though oddly enough the hairy natives of his own Staffordshire lived (and live) largely on oat-cakes. Maybe the fact that in those parts they prefer their oat-cakes soft—the pansies—prevents them from rivalling the Scots, who prefer them hard. Anyhow, oatmeal porridge is agreeable enough if you pay no attention to the Salt School, who try to prevent your using sugar on it; these enemies of free-will being often the type who would drop lump-sugar into their claret, and probably did many years ago, when claret was their national drink and sold by the noggin in the streets of Edinburgh.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Pa's giving me the business when I'm twenty-one"

More Fragments from France : By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Is this a barrage, Sergeant?"
"Nao! A twenty-one-gun salute for Gamelin's birthday"

*1. **Programmes** are planned at the Bristol headquarters with the help of maps showing the transmission centres established in Bristol (40) and the West Country (over 60), the number of volunteers in each (50,000 in all), and the distances the collected blood would have to travel to headquarters. In this group are a Lieutenant, R.E., Captain and Lieutenant, R.A.M.C., Sister and Chief of V.A.D.s, Colonel O.-in-C., Major, Captain and Lieutenant R.A.M.C.*

Life in Store

The Army Blood Transfusion Service

There is a fine dramatic appeal in the work of the Army Blood Transfusion Service, and in the relationship, through that Service's impersonal channel, of donor and receiver of the life-giving blood. In the last war, lives were saved by walking wounded and nursing orderlies at clearing stations, who gave what they could, but the demand for transfusions far exceeded what such volunteers could supply, the problem of preventing clotting was almost insuperable, and thousands died whom this Service would have saved. It was during the Spanish Civil War that the first successful system was established for collecting and storing blood ready to give to wounded men or civilians injured in air-raids. Later, on the lines of the Spanish system, the War Office established the Army Blood Transfusion Service here. Its headquarters, with a large and intricate clerical side, as well as its highly organised scientific and medical side, are at Bristol, and it draws its blood supply for the Expeditionary Force from the West Country. 50,000 volunteers have been registered, but another 50,000 men and women between the ages of 18 and 65 are urgently needed. Every donor's blood is inscribed with his number and kept as a separate unit until it is actually used for saving the life of a wounded soldier, and every donor is notified when his blood has been given

*2. **Mobile units** for blood-collecting consist of a lorry and a staff car, a Medical Officer, four V.A.D.s, orderly, and two drivers. Here the F.A.N.Y. drivers pack the equipment for taking and transporting the blood, including bottles and refrigerator*

*5. **After the donation** of a pint of blood, which takes 10-15 minutes, a rest of 15-20 mintues and a cup of tea or meat extract are essential for donors before they return to work. Each is given a card expressing the gratitude of the Army Blood Transfusion Service, and bearing the words from "Henry V."— "For he to-day that sheds his blood with me Shall be my brother"*

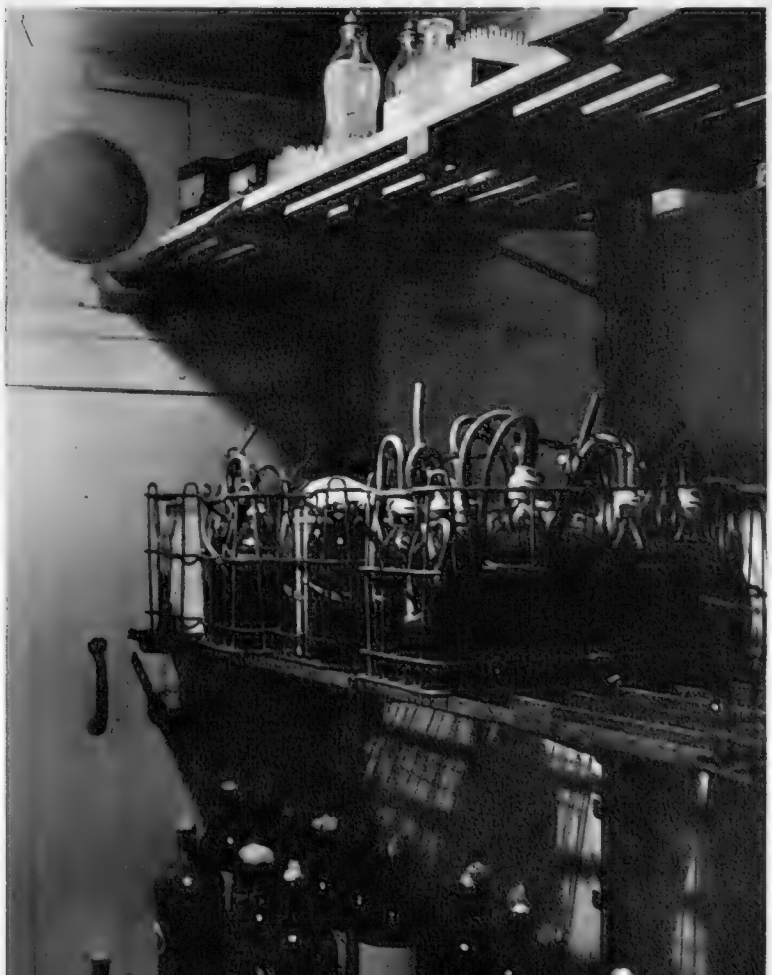
*6. **Donated blood** is examined by M.O. and V.A.D. before it leaves the transfusion depot. Donor's number and blood group and the date of collection must be checked. About 60 donors are usually dealt with at a session. If the return journey to the central depot is a long one, the blood is cooled in a small refrigerator in the lorry, or in a large mobile refrigerator mounted as a separate unit*

3. ***At the transfusion depot*** *donors collect to meet the mobile unit, and four or six at a time are bled. Here an assistant decides which of the donor's arms has the better vein, then she will lie on a couch, have the process—which is quite painless—explained to her by the V.A.D. who sterilises her arm, and then the Medical Officer begins the brief operation. Donors themselves have no preparations to make, and only have to give half an hour of their time, which includes a rest period of twenty minutes*

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

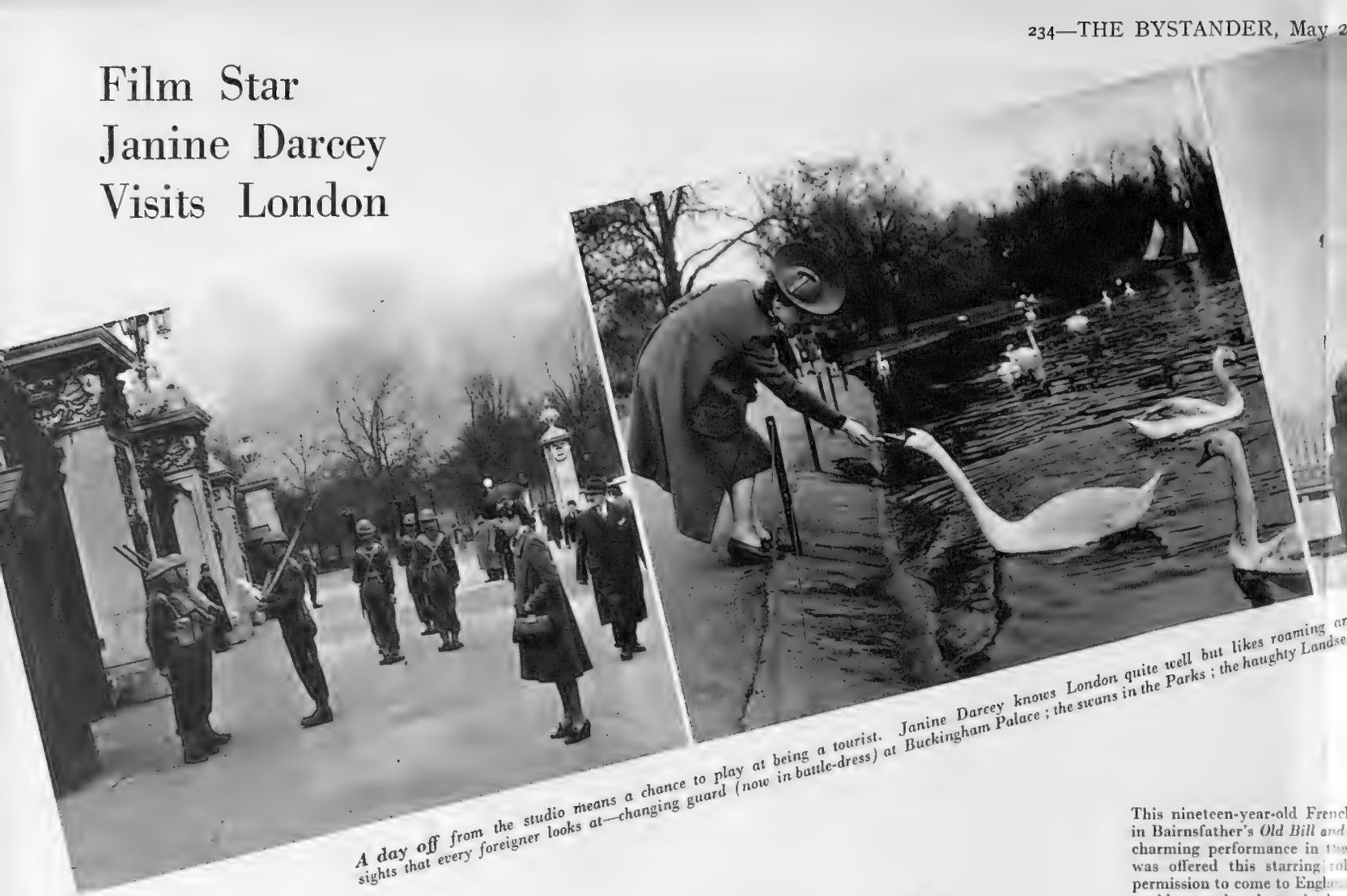
4. ***The needle*** *is now in the vein and blood flows past the glass tubing, which acts as a window, to the collecting bottle, kept rotating by a specially adapted gramophone engine. Pressure on the rubber bulb in the nurse's hand maintains a negative pressure in the bottle and facilitates a regular flow of blood*

7. ***The laboratory staff*** *take charge of the blood at headquarters, where it is again checked for its proper group and for the presence of transmissible disease. Then bottles are "topped"—sealed with a special cap, through which passes a saline solution, completely filling the bottle and extracting the air, so preventing damage to the contents under rough transport conditions. "Topped" bottles are then stored to await despatch to hospitals or casualty stations*



8. ***The object*** *of this Service is that blood transfusions may be given immediately they are required, either, as here, in an advanced dressing-station to prevent death from hæmorrhage or shock, or in hospital, to make operations possible. Pressure is applied through a Higginson's syringe to start the flow of blood, extra pressure being required if the patient is badly "shocked"*

Film Star Janine Darcey Visits London



A day off from the studio means a chance to play at being a tourist. Janine Darcey knows London quite well but likes roaming ar sights that every foreigner looks at—changing guard (now in battle-dress) at Buckingham Palace ; the swans in the Parks ; the haughty Landse

This nineteen-year-old Frenc in Bairnsfather's *Old Bill and* charming performance in t was offered this starring rol permission to come to Engla could to see her doctor-husba German measles. Janine h again for the first night of *O* Club. The date is not yet father serving in France (sh "In Town To-night"), Ja

Back at Denham, *she rests in her dressing-room, and reads an English novel. Having spent two years at school in Kent, her English is excellent, but in the film she has just made she has had to forget most of it*

around, and still enjoys the
dseer lions in Trafalgar Square

Photographs by
Pictorial Press

ch girl has recently been over to play a leading part
Son for Legeran Films. It was on the strength of her
screen version of *French Without Tears* that Janine
le. It took nearly three months for her to obtain
l, and she was anxious to return to Paris as soon as she
nd on leave. She was delayed, however, by developing
opes very much to be allowed to come to London
Old Bill and Son, which will be in aid of the Chevrons
t fixed. Not content with having a husband and a
e broadcast a very moving greeting to them in a March
anine has adopted nearly a hundred French poilus

Make-up expert *Philip Hutchinson, on the left, prepares the star for the cameras*

On the set *Janine Darcey has become Françoise, waitress-daughter of Gustave (Percy Walsh), Old Bill's former buddy and French counterpart. Young Bill (John Mills) is enchanted by her when they meet in France. A month was spent with the B.E.F. in the making of this film, for which the War Office granted Mills eight weeks' leave from his R.E. anti-aircraft unit. Bruce Bairnsfather says that though twenty-odd people have already played "Old Bill," Morland Graham is his character come to life. Graham and Walsh both saw active service in the last war and wear their own medal ribbons in "Old Bill and Son"*

"Are You Being Served?"

The "Bystander" Goes Round the Clubs and Canteens

Deputy chairman *is the Hon. Mrs. Malcolm Bowes-Lyon, wife of the Queen's uncle. She comes to the Club almost every day, was here helping the sweet course at a party given by Mrs. Littlejohn Cook*

Chairman and founder *is Mrs. Littlejohn Cook. All the management and catering is in her hands, and she does a very full-time day's work at the Club, sometimes up to eighteen hours. Her son joined up when he was nineteen, and is now in France*

No. 6. The All-Services Club

The All-Services Club, planned by Mrs. Littlejohn Cook, was the first of its kind to be opened—a centrally situated club offering a meal at cost price, a bed, and a welcome to all members of the Services, both the fighting forces and home defence units. The premises at 12, Upper Grosvenor Street were obtained rent-free, and the house was furnished by Mrs. Littlejohn Cook and her husband. Fifteen members can be put up for the night, and it is hoped more will be accommodated as funds mount and the Club can expand. Membership is free to the Navy, Army and Air Force, and ½d. a week to others. Besides the committee members on these pages, the Duchess of Buccleuch, Lady Birkenhead and Lady Hodder-Williams are vice-presidents, and Mrs. Warren Pearl is co-deputy chairman with Mrs. Malcolm Bowes-Lyon

Committee member *is Miss Thelma Cazalet, M.P. She was talking to two members of the Mechanised Transport Training Corps. Their Corps does a lot of hard and useful work in inter-railway station transport*

President *is Mrs. Anthony Eden, who is making the Club her chief wartime interest, and spends much of her time there, serving and talking with members. Her husband, War Secretary since May 11th, went to the Club's opening party in January*

Washers-up *here are Mrs. Peter Hill and Mrs. Atkins. The former was very recently married, when her husband was last home on leave. Besides two paid cooks, there is a Club panel of 40 to 50 voluntary workers, who work in four-hour shifts*

Football *is a good indoor game for club or canteen loungers. Two or three players a side wildly twiddle the rods to make the little men kick or miss a small elusive ball*

At the counter *Miss Wendy Cleveland (left) ate her own lunch between serving mid-day meals to members. She works here once a week*

This worker, *Miss Miriam Shoppie, is a left-handed darts novice, took a lesson from one of the members. Men using the Club generally have more time to put in than those using station canteens, and the atmosphere is more leisurely; all the games available, darts, chess, draughts and so on, are in great demand*

General bottle-washer *is Miss Joan Linnell's description of herself. The beer that was in those empty glasses was given by a member of the Committee for the party on the day these pictures were taken*

Auxiliary firemen *from the Farm Street station are members who use the Club regularly. Concerts and dances are often given in the lounge, and special parties are often arranged to welcome a new unit or regiment arriving to be stationed in London. Committee members generally supply special food or delicacies for these, and invariably someone gives beer, the Club itself being, of course, unlicensed. Ordinarily meals are à la carte: meat and two veg., 10d., sweet, 4d. Bed, bath, breakfast is 3s.*

Photographs by Anthony

"Bubble, Bubble, Bubble" is Pat Kirkwood's first number in "Black Velvet," which she puts over with terrific pep

A Piece of "Black Velvet"

Raven-Haired Pat Kirkwood from Manchester

One of the most exhilarating things to see and hear in London is still Pat Kirkwood in *Black Velvet*, the large-scale revue at the Hippodrome. It's worth getting there in time to hear her bubble over in her opening song. Major hits of the show are all hers—"Most Gentlemen Don't Like Love" and "Oh, Johnnie, Oh!"—which she sings with knock-out vitality. Pat Kirkwood's career has so far been a fairy-tale come true. With no theatrical background or training, she has come to the top through sheer personality. She was given a B.B.C. audition, this led to a broadcast, a manager happened to hear it and offered her the part of principal girl in the Cardiff pantomime. She gained experience in provincial variety, and her first big London part came in 1937 when she was Dandini in the Princes Theatre *Cinderella*. She has also broken into films with great success, playing the lead in George Formby's *Come On, George*, and opposite Richard Murdoch in the screen *Band Waggon*. From this she went straight into the present show at the Hippodrome

Films of the Day

Three Plain and Two Coloured

By George Campbell

THE week that brought the invasion of the Low Countries brought, on the screen, a double hanging (of innocent people), a murder, a guillotining, a tale of tough guys double-crossing and bumping each other off, and a dancer's renunciation of the man she loves. If their cheerfulness can win this war, the film producers mean to do it.

"WE ARE NOT ALONE" is based on the novel by James Hilton. The plot is reminiscent of the Crippen case, except that Mr. Hilton's doctor, living with his family in a narrow cathedral town, happens to be quite incapable of killing anyone. He is dreamy, gentle and absent-minded, with the sympathetic understanding of human nature which his religious, practical wife so conspicuously lacks. The cause of their differences is their little boy, a "difficult" child, full of fears and wild romancings about trains that chase him up the orchard. His mother's idea of treatment is to force him to sleep in darkness and generally stand no nonsense; his father wants to get at the bottom of the neurosis.

One night the doctor is called to treat a little Austrian dancer with a broken arm. She makes friends with the boy, and the wife, for reasons that are not quite clear, suggests engaging her as governess. The rest is a deepening drama of jealousy, culminating in the wife's accidental death through poison and the arrest of the doctor and the girl on a charge of murder. The evidence against the girl would surely convict nobody, but the doctor is probably the worst witness on record, and they are both convicted and hanged, the doctor finding some queer consolation in the fact that in France thousands of other innocent men are dying too.

A thoroughly miserable story is well acted by Jane Bryan, as the Austrian, Flora Robson, as the intolerant wife, and Una O'Connor, as a stupid, mischief-making servant. Paul Muni seemed to me miscast. Even allowing for the fact that the doctor is supposed to be rather an eccentric, Mr. Muni suggests a Central European eccentric rather than an Englishman. His accent is not American; there is nothing that you pick on and say "This is foreign"; and yet the character as a whole is unmistakably a foreigner.

THERE is more miscasting in the French film version of James Cain's *The Postman Always Rings Twice*. Michel Simon, that gifted character actor, is good enough as Nick the Greek, and Corinne Luchaire quite excellent as his sulky, passionate young wife. But Fernand Gravet is not my idea of Frank, the drifter whose clean, Nordic type appealed to the girl sickened by the fat greasiness of her husband; and the whole story loses by transplantation to the south of France.

People who have not read the book may find the film more impressive than I did. There is certainly power in the unveiling of passion, the attempts to murder the kindly, stupid husband, the suspicions of the police, the lovers' distrust of each other, the accidental killing of the woman in a car crash, and the execution of the man for a murder he has not done. The Censor has probably cut some of the sex and sadism, but enough remains for most of us.

"THE HOUSE ACROSS THE BAY" gets us back to that stock figure, the racketeer redeemed by love. George Raft makes millions so that he may lavish cars, diamonds and furs on Joan Bennett. His lawyer, also in love with her, double-crosses him, and he is sent to Alcatraz for ten years for tax-dodging. His wife, to show her devotion, takes a house from which she can gaze across the bay at the grim pile of the prison. A 'plane manufacturer scrapes up an acquaintance by the most ingenious methods, including a well-trained Great Dane; before long she finds herself in love with him; and the mess is not cleared up till the convict has made a break from Alcatraz, which is generally reckoned an unhealthy thing to do.

Neither George Raft nor Walter Pidgeon (as the man with the Great Dane) has a very fat part, and Lloyd Nolan, who can be a superb villain (do you remember *Texas Rangers*?), is just a dirty dog of no special interest. The hit of the film is Joan Bennett, now apparently gone brunette for good. She has beauty and dignity, and in the early scenes as a cabaret singer puts over a song with infinite vivacity and charm.

"SERENADE" is a French trifle about the love of Schubert for a young English dancer in Vienna. She gallops about on her horse, powders her nose with the aid of the palace sentry's breastplate, leads a leopard around on a string, and displeases the Chief of Police by her behaviour generally. He decides to keep her under observation; and seeing that he is Louis Jouvet, and chooses to restrain her in his palace, there are some young women who would consider this a fate by no means worse than death. Alas for his plans! She falls in love with the penniless composer, and proves it by leaving the country heartbroken when their affaire has irritated the Viennese—a strait-laced lot in those days, apparently—into booing his new ballet. Lilian Harvey brings a fragile charm if no great acting ability to the role of the dancer, and M. Jouvet could not be uninteresting if he tried.

WISHING to end on a cheerful note, I have left *The Road to Singapore* to the last. With Bing Crosby and Bob Hope competing for Dorothy Lamour, this lively comedy has wit, action and songs no worse than most, and I recommend it as the best light entertainment of the week.

***"We Are Not Alone"** has a doctor-husband (Paul Muni), a severe practical wife (Flora Robson), a nervous, delicate little boy (Raymond Severn), and a young, shabby Austrian dancer (Jane Bryan) as its four chief characters. This drama of jealousy, death, and conviction for murder is adapted from James Hilton's novel by the author himself and directed by Edmund Goulding. Mr. Campbell reviews it here, and it was put on recently at the Warner Cinema*

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

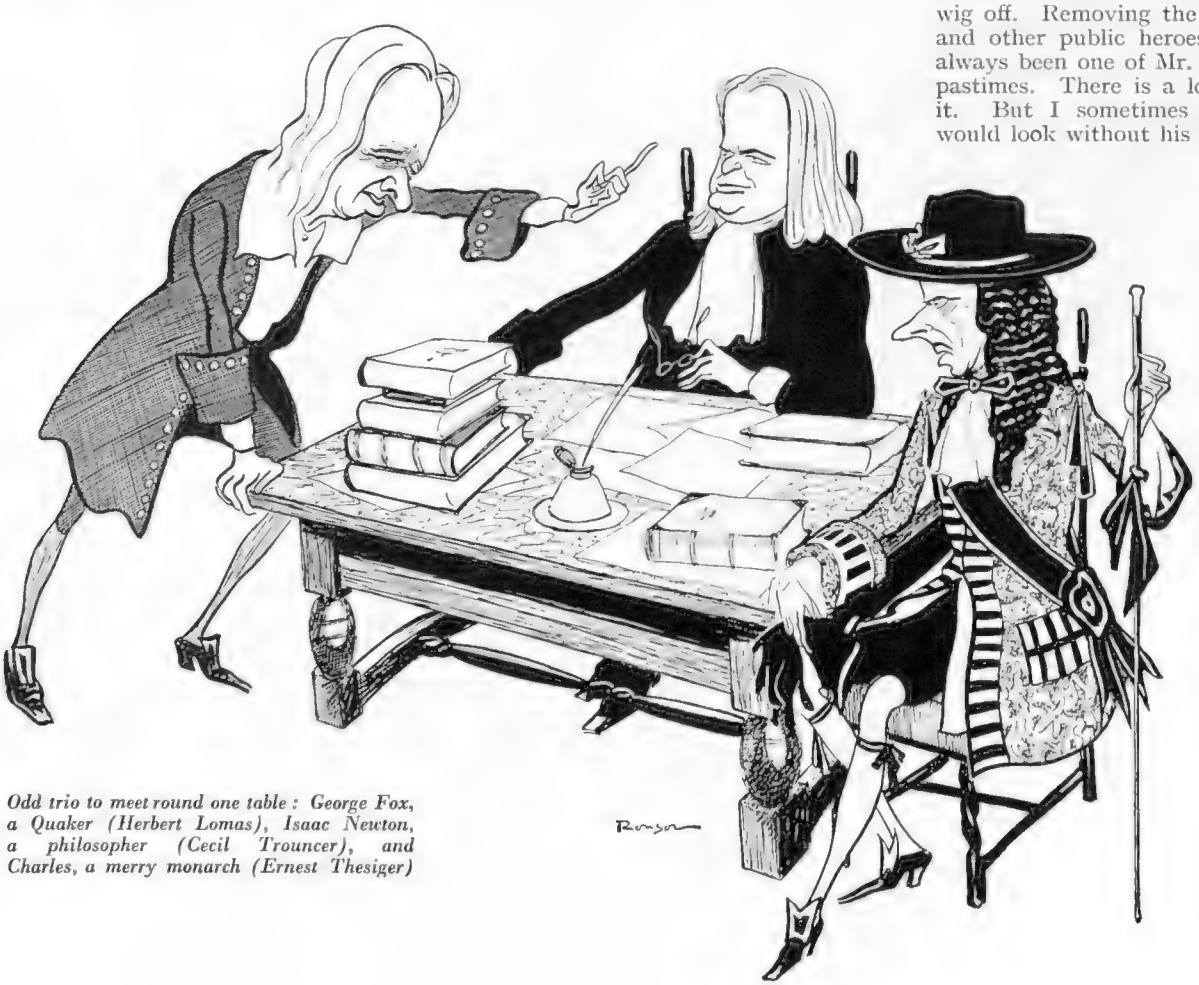
"In Good King Charles's Golden Days" (New)

MR. BERNARD SHAW'S play on King Charles the Second, described on the programme as "A History Lesson in Three Scenes," is immeasurably more entertaining and instructive than most of the history lessons in our schools. That, of course, goes without saying. The choice of characters and period enables the author to discuss all the subjects he would have discussed had he been writing a play about Hannibal or Roger Bacon or the Man in the Moon—for even in a play about the Man in the Moon, Mr Shaw might be relied on to discuss everything under the sun. And although, compared with *Geneva*, this less immediately topical history lesson may be a bit flat, compared with the trash now entrenched in most of our theatres, it is a towering peak.

THAT it will successfully compete with the revues of Mr. George Black is not to be expected. True, even Mr. Cochran has never assembled a more distinguished chorus of ladies than Nell Gwyn, the Duchess of Cleveland, the Duchess of Portsmouth, and Queen Catherine of Braganza. But these ladies are not the most exhilarating feature of the evening, the attractions without which most of them would never have become famous failing to make much appeal to Mr. Shaw's imagination. Nor, it must be confessed, are they very strikingly performed by Miss Eileen Beldon as the noisy Nell, Miss Daphne Heard as the barefaced Barbara, Miss Ina de la Haye as the languishing Louise, and Miss Irene Vanbrugh as the ever-constant Catherine—who, on the whole, seem to be putting forward efforts out of proportion to the results obtained.

OF the male celebrities participating in Mr. Shaw's stage conversations—the piece is rather like a series of *Imaginary Conversations* by Walter Savage Landor in the Shavian vein—Isaac Newton, most excellently played by Mr. Cecil Trouncer, is the most entertaining. His calculations, introduced at every turn in the talk, continually amuse, and nothing could be more charming than the reply he makes to his housekeeper when she asks him what seven times three comes to, and when, launching into the highest mathematics, he convincingly demonstrates that seven times three must be more than twenty and cannot possibly be as much as twenty-two, from which it may be deduced that in all probability twenty-one will be the figure. Another of his good scenes occurs when the Duchess of Portsmouth comes to him for a love-potion. For the rest, there are Herbert Lomas lowering religion as George Fox, Alec Clunes spouting art as Godfrey Kneller, William Hutchison as the ineffable James, and Ernest Thesiger as Charles himself, the Not-so-Merry-as-he-s-Painted Monarch. This is a careful, even, and uneventful piece of acting, the most memorable moment being, perhaps, when we see Charles the Second with his wig off. Removing the wigs from kings and other public heroes has, of course, always been one of Mr. Shaw's favourite pastimes. There is a lot to be said for it. But I sometimes wonder how he would look without his beard.

Patient and long-suffering Queen Catherine of Braganza (Irene Vanbrugh)



Odd trio to meet round one table: George Fox, a Quaker (Herbert Lomas), Isaac Newton, a philosopher (Cecil Trouncer), and Charles, a merry monarch (Ernest Thesiger)

Sketches by Rouson

The Hon. Sheila Digby and Lieut. James Bowes-Lyon were at the May Meeting at Newbury. She is Lord Digby's younger daughter, and sister of the Hon. Mrs. Randolph Churchill. He is a cousin of the Queen

Captain and Mrs. Ivo Reid, also at Newbury, were married a few weeks ago. He is in the Irish Guards, is the son of Lieut.-Col. Lester Reid, of Thorpe Mandeville Manor, Banbury. She is the daughter of Major J. D. Macindoe, and Mrs. Keith Newall

Captain and Mrs. John Christian and Miss Mary de Trafford went to Newbury for the second day of the May Meeting, which was held on Whit Friday and Saturday, under the shadow of the German invasion of Holland and Belgium. Race trains had been cancelled, but the attendance was "well up to average," and the weather perfect. Mrs. Christian, who was Bridget Smiley, and her husband were married last autumn

Life Goes On . . . Especially for the Young

Miss Christian Grant of Monymusk and Second-Lieut. Geoffrey David were dancing together at the May Fair reception after the wedding of Lieut. Peregrine Fellowes and Miss Valerie Flewitt (see page B). Christian Grant is the youngest sister of Sir Arthur Grant of Monymusk

Also at the Fellowes-Flewitt reception were Miss Patience ("Boo") Brand and Second-Lieut. Evelyn Broughton. She is Lady Rosabelle Brand's younger daughter. He is Sir Delves Broughton's heir, and is in the Irish Guards

Miss Irene Mann Thompson did an afternoon's work at the Scamperdale Horse Show, leading her pony Honeybunch around to collect for the Red Cross. The Show was held at Scamperdale Farm, near Edenbridge, in Kent, and included hunter trials, a gymkhana and cross-country dispatch races

A Submarine Hero Gets Married

Commander Edward O. Bickford, D.S.O., R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Bickford, and Valerie Courtney, daughter of Air Marshal Sir Christopher and Lady Courtney, were married at Dovercourt Church, near Harwich. He commands the submarine Salmon, was awarded his D.S.O. after a "brilliant war patrol" in which the Salmon destroyed a German submarine and torpedoed at least one German cruiser

An M.P. Gets Married

George Garro-Jones and Elizabeth Churchill were married at Westminster Chapel, Buckingham Gate. He has been Labour Member for Aberdeen since 1935, was formerly Liberal M.P. for South Hackney, is a barrister, practising on the South Wales Circuit and in London, was in the R.F.C. in the last war. She is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Churchill, of 5, Armitage Road, N.W.11

People in the News

Owen Nares is a Grandfather

Mr. and Mrs. David Nares have a baby daughter, born recently. David Nares, now in the Royal Artillery, is Owen Nares's son. Mrs. Nares was Jane Thompson before her 1938 marriage, is the only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Thomas Thompson, Bt., of Brockington Grange, Bromyard, Herefordshire

An Air Ace Takes Some Leave

Sq.-Ldr. John William Donaldson, D.S.O., R.A.F., spent his post-Norway leave with his wife and eight-months-old son at their home at Selsey Bill. His squadron shot down fourteen German aeroplanes in one day at Andalsnes, fought thirty-seven engagements in all while they were in Norway. Their landing ground was a frozen lake with no cover, and they were machine-gunned, bombed, and machine-gunned incessantly. Sq.-Ldr. Donaldson received his D.S.O. for heroism during the Norwegian campaign. His two younger brothers are also in the R.A.F.

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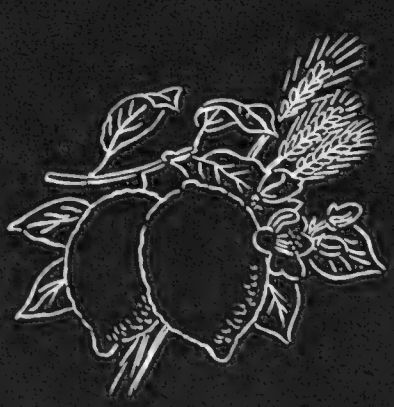

Flowers and Stripes

Fashion Hoists its Flag

This is a year when freaks of fashion are at a discount, and good materials are all-important. Liberty's, of Regent Street, are keeping up their fine fabric tradition in spite of difficulties. They have used a cotton georgette for the flowered frock above, which costs 3½ guineas in almost any colourings. Made with an adaptable neckline and smocking on the bodice, it would be charming for the informal garden-parties that will be given this summer. In the same department for inexpensive frocks they have a tailored dress in a formal design of tiny coloured fans. This, with a turn-down collar and a double row of buttons down the front, costs 2½ guineas

You may admit that it is wise to buy classic clothes that will not date, and yet long for something rather more individual. Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street, make a happy compromise with their model tailored suits. These are beautifully cut, in fine suitings and tweeds, but each one has original details that give it personality. The one on the left, for example, which costs fourteen guineas, shows how skilfully a pin-stripe can be used to give a slim and flattering line. For the country, they have tweed coats cut as carefully as town models, with fitting waists and full, flaring skirts. These cost 8½ guineas in smooth-surfaced Cumberland tweed

London Nights

Warfime Dinner, Dance and Cabaret

The "Bystander's" Going-Out Guide

The Ritz

Mural beauty at the Ritz

IN front of the bandstand at La Popote they now have a barricade of champagne-cases, which, anomalously enough, goes well with the sandbags, pit-props and other props of the wartime dug-out. One evening last week there was a slight flurry of waiters, and two more cases were brought in quickly and placed one at each end of the barricade. There was a different name stencilled across these, and the answer came in at the door: the proprietor of that great brand of champagne, in person and with party. A nice little thumbnail of the service of the Ritz, and the cheerful canniness of M. Duchêne and his men.

La Popote is the place of the moment now, and has deserved the popularity that has come to it in its short life. Go and dance there one evening, formal or informal. Or go to L'Abri next door, and off the bar, for lunch. There you see such of the celebrities of to-day who are not lunching in the restaurant upstairs. A gallimaufry of uniforms, and the medals of all our Allies. It is in the Abri that deals are made, political squeezes discussed, battles refought and policy formed. What a place the Ritz is for the gossip-writer between 12.30 and 1.30 with cocktails near the main door! And Ritz prices are still a little lower than you always expect.

The May Fair

Ambrose at the May Fair

NAUNTON WAYNE was back at the May Fair for a brief chatter, and he was giving a delightful talk on village cricket—one of those games that he gets himself involved in to the general turmoil. In the room, at two distant corner tables sat two ex-captains of English cricket, each apparently hugely amused at tales of hopeless inefficiency that their type of cricket does not encounter. It was one of Wayne's best.

There's nothing meagre about the May Fair popularity in the evenings now, and it is perhaps as well that there is large and comfortable waiting accommodation for the round of drinks, while Ferraro organises you in just that position in the room that you would have chosen had all been empty. The floor is comfortably crowded for dancing, and Ambrose knows to a minim the music to give the troops.

Come for lunch, though, and you find a different atmosphere. Lunch is at ground-level, ranging between the Viking Bar (small tables and Danish food and drinks), and the swing-doors of the main entrance. Here is a very smart gathering, including not a few who come not for that, but exclusively Ferraro's food.

You haven't forgotten, have you, about the dine-dance-stay-the-night-and-breakfast special prices at the May Fair? A good idea of Mr. Fisher's.

Grosvenor House

THE Grosvenor House Cabaret starts at 10.50 currently. This is supposed to give the people who are going back out of town a chance to see a show after their dinner. The trouble about that plan is that once the show has started you are determined not to miss any of it; and once the horse-racing starts there is a concerted drive by the guests (especially the military ones) to get it to go on till the limit of the L.C.C. rules. Which must surely mean the last train home missed with some ease.

Ascot preview at Grosvenor House

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Dancing from 8.30

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uproarious affair, and, by and large, one of the most successful that even the Grosvenor House authorities have managed. It starts picturesquely enough with a fashion-show of the clothes that might have been worn at this year's Ascot had there been one. And Cheerful Charlie Chester, Ed Morelle, La Sarazena from Spain, and the exotic Lena Menova from Russia.

Then the rough house begins, with Harold Lloyd's Hobby Horses, if that 's what they are called. Anyway, first the Ambassador Girls show you how to ride them, and then you try it yourself, and race against them, and everybody falls off, and gets weak with laughter, and someone gets a bottle of champagne for winning or something, and the whole thing brings out the spirit of the Mess on Guest Night when they 've cleared the furniture and the Colonel's gone off to bridge. Except that the Grosvenor House show is mixed. Twenty per cent. price reduction for uniforms. Extension, Thursday.

Lansdowne Restaurant

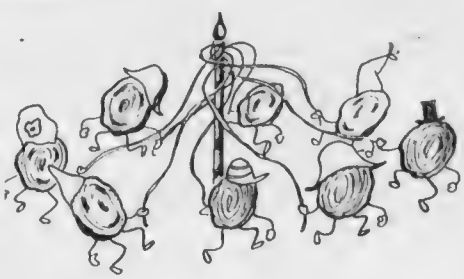
Lansdowne swing rhythm

I DON'T have the jargon of swing in my head, though it looks as though I ought to brush up my terms. Perhaps I shall go back to that wonderful monograph (isn't it ?) by Dorothy Baker (wasn't it ?) called *Young Man With a Horn*, from which I got my first lesson.

I was reminded of the book (a novelised form of Bix Beiderbecke's life) when I was last at the Lansdowne for an evening and a young officer in uniform was edged out from the dancers and finally persuaded by the band waggon to play. Play what ? He took something too small to see from his pocket, and started playing it with both hands to his mouth. Who he was or where he learnt it, I wouldn't know. But he played his little-finger-sized harmonica far beyond the stage where you envied him, to where you sat back and thought " Coo ! " or went on to the floor to get a better look, and see if it wasn't a fake. If I knew my jargon well enough, I might be able to " place " swing harmonica playing, and know its history. You ought to have heard him. Perhaps you did. It was an impromptu of an excellence and a good spirit which seemed to me typical of the Lansdowne Restaurant, where the young gather to new rhythms in the evenings.

Fernandez presides at lunch, dinner and dancing. A long restful, cool room, and always some of the best cooking in London. Society at lunch, fashion for dinner, and youth for swing till after bedtime.

Prunier's



Oysters in May (and June)

" You can still get oysters this month at places like Prunier's." " Why ? " " Oh, something to do with war, and the supplies . . . or something." Conversation overheard at another place, not Prunier's. Actually, Prunier's have been selling oysters, big, fat, luscious, tonic oysters in May and June, and later still, for years. Savants in St. James's Street have been sneering at the " r in the month " rule for ages, and you 'd better ask Wally at the bar, or Pierre in the restaurant just how Prunier's manages it. It is enough for us that it does, and the explanation is a long one, anyway.

Other quick reminders : ask for the wild strawberries now, and pray for luck. They should be there, licences and air and sea transport permitting. And the sturgeon, in various forms and dishes. Eels, too, if they 're your fancy. A new special, a Paris Prunier idea : Paté de Poisson Traktir, with primeurs, salad and mayonnaise. The Treasure Trove, i.e., tinned delicacies for the troops or those stationed far from St. James's. The usual Prunier Blue Ball Yard Cellar Service, which means the pick of the great wines at prices that leave no regrets. Finally, the " On Prendra " Service, now literal, because Prunier's can't manage deliveries during wartime. But you can take, and you can send round for what you want. And that means Sundays, too ; if you have ordered the day before. Oh, yes, and Black Out Dinner, 10s. 6d. and popular as it deserves.

Martinez

Spanish beauty at Martinez

UNDERNEATH the arches, or very nearly, of Swallow Street, is a Spanish restaurant. The Spanish Restaurant, as many people call it, and whether they emphasise the "The" or not, the compliment remains. I could devote pages to talking about it. But I mayn't.

It is a one-man show, and that man is Sr. Martinez, who has been in England twenty years now, and has put the best part of those years and his artist's mind into his restaurant. And to-day sometimes he sits for an hour alone and with a cigarette and is perfectly happy just thinking, or even just sitting, so long as it is inside his own exquisitely decorated four walls. He is a charming person, and his charm is implicit in every detail of his restaurant. He makes changes when it amuses him, or when a few customers have suggested something. For instance, he had a banqueting room above the restaurant, which, when war came, he changed into one of the nicest supper-dance rooms in town.

At ground level you drink the delicious sherry in real sunshine in what is, but for its locale, the courtyard of a rich Spaniard's home (soft music 6-8 p.m.). Upstairs (go slowly and see the mosaics and murals and pictures) the restaurant, with bubbling fountain, sunshine again, friendly people, and Sr. Martinez himself knowing them all. Foods and wines are Spanish, French and English, and fully explained on the menu. Prices friendly too. If you don't know, and don't go, the loss is yours.

The St. Regis

"I'll light a candle"

THE St. Regis Quintet is new, and news. And I think it is going to make more. It's a swing troupe. I've heard them for an evening . . . which is very different from hearing them for a number or so. They get the feel of the room early in the proceedings, and before long the room is getting its tempo from them. Captain Birley has had the excellent idea of telling the dancers about the men who are playing for them in a pleasant leaflet on the tables. Swing fans will know the names and many of the details.

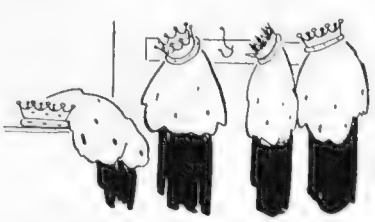
Incidentally, at the piano, is George Shearing, who has been blind from birth, and is now reckoned one of the finest swing pianists in the country.

Well, go and listen. Here's a band that makes brother ask sister to dance. The music, dancing, candle-light, good food and good wine will make converts fast. Dini is there, at lunch, dinner and supper. The lunch-time cold table is one of the most inviting in the West End. And you'll probably have the luck to find Marion still entertaining in the supper cabaret, with his fabulous mind-reading and mind-casting tricks. Tricks? I don't know. I try to remain a sceptic, but Marion is making it awfully difficult.

Pastori's

A LIST of the people who are finding Pastori, whom they have long known, in his new home, which they haven't, would be pretty full of *Burke*, *Debrett* and *Who's Who* names. Pastori used to be at Grosvenor House in charge of that great restaurant. Now, in conjunction with Mario, he runs his own, a smaller, more intimate affair, part of the Pastori-Mario Hotel near the Leicester Square Cinema. Pastori welcomes his old friends, and shepherds them to comfortable divan tables against one of the many walls that comprise the windings of the restaurant. There is a comfortable and well-decorated entrance lounge for cocktails, and downstairs there is an American Bar.

But the food is the thing, as the great and the noble are realising. The menu has the four or five specials of the day, for lunch and dinner. And, on the right, many dishes which in print are just Filet of Sole or Omelette or Bœuf. But under Pastori's masterly touch they become dreams of delicacy and succulence.



Cloakroom clue to clientele

Don't forget where Pastori is now. You'll like everything about his new home. When you next have a birthday, your own or someone else's, to celebrate, that's a place to go, for everything at its best.

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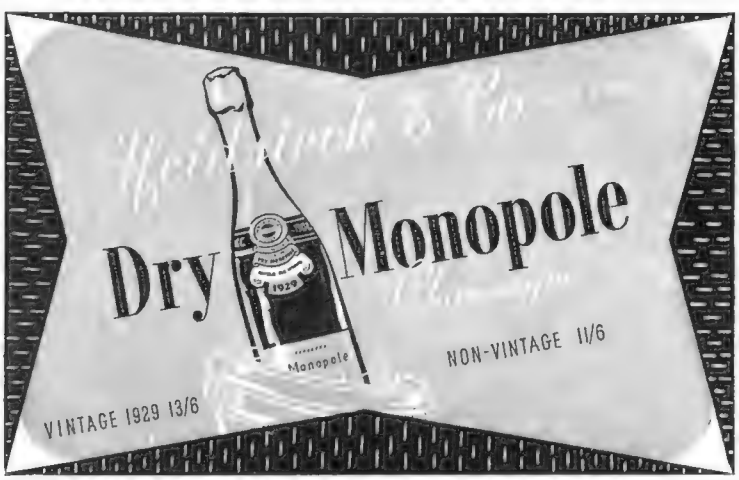

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L'Auberge de France

Up and away, from Piccadilly Circus (of which, incidentally, you get the best bird's-eye view available from the bar windows) is that very good restaurant and dance-haunt, L'Auberge de France. If you go at lunchtime you will find the tables round the walls at a slight mental premium, and apt to be soon occupied by the young and the fair and the uniformed. You will also notice, if you have not been at all recently, that they have altered the structure and lay-out of the restaurant, so that now you feel as though you had your back to a wall almost wherever you sit. This is a great improvement, though I have never understood fully why one prefers to have a friendly world exclusively in front of one.

They serve a fine lunch from a very large card of offerings, and the little details of service are admirably looked-after. The bread is crisp and crackly, the butter cold, the salads crisp and the flowers young. Set lunch, 3/6, Sundays too.

Come again in the evening and dance, in that room through the arras. Dinner is 6/6 and supper 5/6. Change or not, as you feel inclined. Dance to quiet music in a large room. Swift service.

L'Auberge is part of the Winston Hotel, as you know. Did anybody ever tell you about the Winston Hotel bedroom prices? And/or have you seen the bedrooms that this price means? 10/6 with private bathroom, and 8/6 for the Forces. That's recommended value, especially as the hotel is as near the centre of the Empire as you 'll get.

Hatchett's

On the up and up

Just as I started to write this, my radio played me a record of Arthur Young in person, giving "Bach Goes to Town" on the Novachord; and the announcer told me some things about A. Young's past history that I 'd not suspected. He 's certainly taken the Course of Honours, and he has arrived all right. With Grappelly and Shakespeare and Spurgin and the others, with Beryl Davis singing, and with the keenest swing addicts in town on the floor night after night, Young has brought to Hatchett's an evening lilt that is packing the place, and giving Boscasso plenty of work directing accommodation in his spare moments away from the cuisine.

I haven't the space for the details, but I was at Hatchett's the other night after the theatre. I had carefully asked for that crow's-nest table up the stairs, so that I could take a crow's-eye view. It was a gloomy night internationally. But, without any Punchinello Laugh-Clown-Laugh stuff, Hatchett's was a soothing and heartening rendezvous. I wonder what effect total war is to have on London restaurants—or indeed may have had by the time this appears? Anyway, I hope that Hatchett's may remain for the brave and the good and the cheerful—and the pretty. It is always very long on looks these days.

Lunch, dinner, supper and dancing. Ring Boscasso.

Oddenino's

For a few more evenings you can see Freddie Bamberger fooling at the piano at cabaret-time in Oddenino's Restaurant. Next week comes Navarre, that excellent mimic. Shut your eyes and you 'll think it is Chevalier, or Miller, or whoever you like, that you are listening to. And he doesn't take only the easy ones, either. Navarre is a subtle fellow, and if I were a head-liner I think I 'd square Navarre and make him promise not to include me in his repertoire. He 's so vastly good, and deadly.

The cabaret is at 11 p.m. here, you know. But for the rest of the evening, before and after, Roy Wallis and his band play for easy dancing, and food and wine is there to be enjoyed at kind prices.

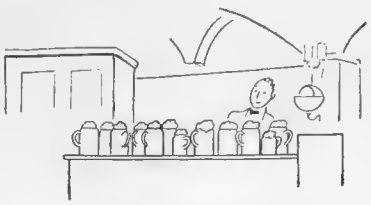
For lunch I myself prefer the Brasserie across the cocktail foyer (I hope they don't call it that), where gaunt heads of very big game look down on the keen feeders, and a fan or two keeps them cool, and the service is as good as across the way. M. Biry has the guiding of both these rendezvous in his capable hands, as well as that of the hotel, which is, of

Darkest Africa at Oddy's

course, and always has been, the raison d'être of Oddy's for many, many old friends.

Not forgetting the open(ish)-air buvette which is such a tonic to the boulevardier when summer 's here.

The New Queen's



" You set 'em up "

It 's a long time ago now, but I had my first new potatoes at the New Queen's this spring. And that gives one a warm affection for a place through the year. Though I had long liked the New Queen's, anyway, for the changing facets of its daily round. Its cool lunchtime, with crisp salads and polished tables and corner-seats-in-the-shade, so to speak. Java's music, and the ladies loving it particularly. Evening, and a drink in the Cresta Bar upstairs perhaps. And perhaps downstairs, too, with Charles of circus fame, at the controls. Then dinner, preferably not in a hurry, so that you can stay through and watch the people arrive.

By ten in the evening you 'll decide to stay, and will be glad you 've not hurried your dinner, as tables are practically unobtainable by now. Java's boys are striking a more vocal note, and you may smoke your pipe if you want, and the beer mugs come in tray after foaming tray from the hatch in the corner there. Here they descend from the last cinemas and theatres. Where will they put them all ? Heaven knows. But they manage. And the beer trays go back and forth, and quite a few of the mugs on them are two-pinters. That 's the way to drink your beer at the New Queen's.

The Shepherd's Tavern

Officers' mess in a tavern

You may know this only from the outside, the rather Regency pale green windows of a corner-house pub. off Shepherd's Market, in Mayfair. If you can find the doors that open (they 're the ones nearest Curzon Street—black-out memo.), go in and have a drink. Perhaps you are one of the many who know the doors and the bar downstairs ; but you have not ventured upstairs in search of food. If so, you 're missing something. Because Mr. Tomsett keeps a grand table. Not a large room. But excellently comfortable chairs, good decorations, and swift service.

The menu has on it the sort of things that you expect in a good chop-house. But when the dishes come to your place, you see that considerably more care has gone to their preparation and garnishment than even a good chop-house, let alone a Mayfair pub., usually provides. Steaks with the juice in them, Irish stew with Kerry in the heart of it, crêpes with the liqueur in their marrow. Luncers and diners are mostly masculine, mostly uniformed. All content.

On your way down stop again perhaps at the bar, and let one of the lovelies who serve there give you a ruminative stirrup-cup. This is a good room, too, and those chairs are a comfort. Mr. Tomsett thinks of everything.

The Abyssinia Club

Mr. John Sleigh, whose original brain-child, the Abyssinia Club, was, has recently come back to tend to its affairs and meet his many friends there again. He and Lord Selby do the honours of the house behind the Lyric Theatre now, and this is really nothing more than a hulloo to the several thousands of members all over the world, to say that the word " Welcome " is as large as ever on the mat.

Indeed, M. Cottat, the chef of happy memories, is back too ; and his lunches and dinners will be rivalled from to-day onwards by his suppers. Drinks served with food till midnight ; but you can drink them till 12.30.

Any other news ? Yes. Peter Lacy plays gently and pleasantly on the piano next to the bar from 7 to the end. And, yes, as a special war-time dispensation Mr. Sleigh says that any old member who has " lapsed " for some reason over the ten years of the Club may come-in for three months without payment of sub. And welcome. By the way, hot-weather recommendations are the local Pimm's (all four), Mint Juleps and Old-Fashioneds. Edax.

Lord Selby, John Sleigh

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Motoring Commentary

In the Toils of the Law

By "Spare Wheel"

A Morris, the o.h.v. "Twelve-Four" saloon, Series III., is in the foreground. The background is Sonning, still one of Southern England's most beautiful villages

It is, I hear, a solicitor who has landed the police in the legal soup in the matter of traffic-sign prosecutions, and there is some quiet humour in the situation. It appears that the gentleman was charged with failing to observe a "Halt" sign. He pleaded "Not guilty," so the police proved that he failed to stop as directed by the law, and he was convicted and fined. Whereupon he appealed—on the ground, if you please, that the police had failed to prove that the sign in question was an authorised sign within the meaning of the Road Traffic Act.

In the High Court, this plea was upheld, and the conviction quashed, which means that, for the future, the police will have to bring evidence to prove the validity of any traffic sign (other than light signals) which they allege to have been ignored or contravened, and that, for the past, strictly speaking, all previous convictions in such cases were wrong in law, and ought to be revoked, because, of course, the police never do, and never have, worried about the validity of the signs. Since the Road Traffic Act defined the "authorised" signs and the regulations made under the Act set out their colours and letterings and dimensions and so forth, we have taken it for granted that there are none but "authorised" and correct signs.

When the "Halt" sign was first introduced, quite a number of prosecutions were challenged on the grounds that the sign was not erected the proper number of yards from the corner, or that the stop-line was missing, or wrongly placed, but until this ingenious solicitor turned up, nobody thought or imagined that it was necessary formally to prove that every sign erected by authority must be proved to have been so erected and to conform in every particular with the prescribed pattern.

I am told that people who think they are going to be able to get their fines remitted because of this decision are likely to be disappointed in most, if not all, cases, but the ruling is going to give the police some trouble. Proving the validity of a "Keep Left" sign may be simple enough, but not so with the "Halt" sign. Every one of these signs now has to be vetted by a divisional road engineer on behalf of the Transport Minister, and therefore he or his representative will have to be called in every "Halt"-sign case to swear that the sign was erected with his approval and consent.

A nice business. Not long before the war began, a committee of legal lights was entrusted with the task of collating and co-ordinating all the laws of the road, and straightening out all the legal tangles among the dozen of different acts and thousands of regulations. This is a very minor instance of the fatuities to be cleared away by a new and comprehensive Highways Act. The Court of Appeal has recently been discussing and disputing over pedestrian crossings, and whether a central refuge affects the pedestrian's right-of-way; and there are long-standing doubts like the question of main-road priority, or the rights of cows to wander in the road, or of pedestrians to get themselves run over.

The Appeal Court case was important, for, subject to a possible further appeal to the House of Lords, it establishes that a central refuge or island cuts a carriage-way into two, which is in accordance with common sense and common practice, although certain magistrates have taken another view. Shortly, the case was that a pedestrian stepping on to a controlled crossing, with the lights in his favour, did not observe that when later he left the refuge to cross the other half of the road, the lights had changed, and were then against him. He was knocked down by a car on that second half, and the Court of Appeal decided that he had been guilty of contributory negligence in stepping off the refuge without giving the oncoming driver time to pull up.

Previously there was a doubt whether, having started with the lights in his favour, he was not entitled to go right across, which he certainly would be entitled to do on a road without a refuge or island. Now it is the law that the refuge divides the road into two (which is what it is meant to do for safety's sake). But the whole dispute might have been avoided by making the point clear in the regulations governing crossings.

I HAVE been enjoying a practical demonstration of the fact, which one is liable to overlook these days, that the production of "quality" cars for the home market has not been entirely stopped by the war. An M.G. 1½-litre saloon was put at my disposal for a week-end by the factory at Abingdon, and except for dropheads, the bodies for which are unobtainable for the time being, the 1½-litre model remains in production in limited quantities.

It is an attractive little car—and not so little in actual capacity as you might think it from a hasty inspection; I can't recommend a top-hat in the rear seats, but there is plenty of space and comfort for four in the car minus such encumbrances. The performance couples the well-known M.G. verve and spirit with an unexpected smoothness and silence more suggestive of a powerful six-cylinder than of a 12-h.p. "four," and the riding comfort is a similar happy combination of M.G. roadholding and cornering with easy riding over poor surfaces. There is a great improvement in this respect, it seems to me.

Most of all, however, I enjoyed the handling of a really well-designed car—I mean really well designed for the car-loving man—perfectly placed steering-wheel, and well-nigh perfect steering, a short, stout gear-lever, just under the left hand, and properly set and related pedals. That is the result of having as head of the M.G. concern a man who is, and always has been, a car enthusiast.

***"Blenheim" bombers** under construction made a long, imposing avenue down which the King and Queen walked when they visited Rootes' huge factory in Lancashire recently. Operatives left their benches to cheer Their Majesties as they passed through the enormous work-halls*

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* **and certify the scratch score of the course** *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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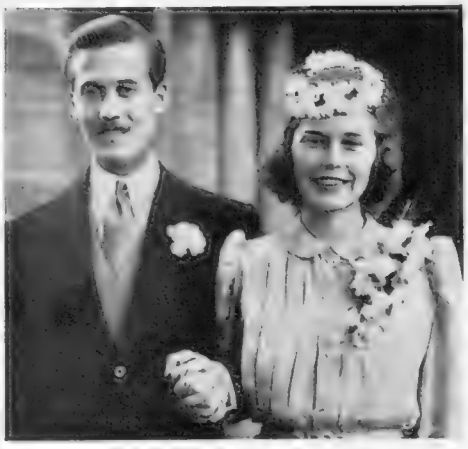
Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings

Stoddart-Scott — Parkinson

Major Malcolm Stoddart-Scott, M.D., R.A.M.C., son of the late Mr. Stoddart-Scott, and Mrs. Stoddart-Scott, of Friarwood House, Pontefract, Yorks., was married at St. Peter's, Arthington, to Elsie Mary Parkinson, daughter of Bertram Parkinson, of Creskeld Hall, Arthington, Yorks., and the late Mrs. Parkinson



da Silva — Mayor

J. B. da Silva, only son of J. C. da Silva, of Old Acres, Greenwich, Conn. U.S.A., and Mrs. da Silva, of Lindsay Lodge, Sunningdale, Berks., and Janice Margaret Mayor, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Mayor, of Auchencairn, Paget, Bermuda, were married at Sunningdale Church

Cross — Taylor

Capt. Lionel Cross, R.A., son of the late C. F. Cross, F.R.S., and Mrs. C. F. Cross, married Rose (Peggy) Taylor, of 17, Cowley Street, S.W.1, at St. John's, Smith Square. She is the daughter of the late Sir Robert and Lady Taylor, of Kytes, Watford, and 28, Lennox Gdns., S.W.1; has done much to entertain balloon-barrage units

May — Wilson

The wedding of Lieut. John FitzGerald May and Betty (Bunny) Malcolm Wilson took place at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington. He is the son of the late Lt.-Col. A. H. May, and Mrs. May, late of Coopers Cross House, Uckfield, and grandson of the late Col. Sir Charles FitzGerald, K.C.B. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Wilson, of Calcutta

Hall Parlby — Layton

Captain John Reginald Hall Parlby, the Devonshire Regiment, married Angela Suzanne Layton, at St. Paul's Cathedral, Malta. She is the daughter of Vice-Admiral Geoffrey Layton, C.B., D.S.O., and Mrs. Layton. Vice-Admiral Layton has just been appointed C.-in-C. China Station

Fellowes — Flewitt

Lieut. Peregrine Fellowes, Irish Guards, and Valerie Flewitt were married at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks. He is the younger son of Major and Mrs. Halford Fellowes, of Tenterden, Kent; she is the younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. Y. Flewitt, of Beaulieu, West Overcliff Drive, Bournemouth

Bowen — Day

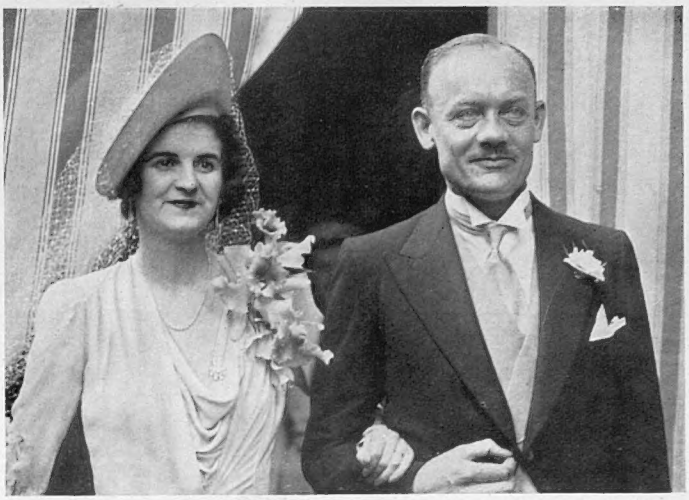
Lieut. Richard Bowen, Lancashire Fusiliers, seconded R.A.F., youngest son of Lt.-Col. Charles Bowen, Indian Army, of Ramsgate, Kent, and Inez Mary Day, only daughter of the late F. W. F. Day, and Mrs. Day, of Feldon, Essex, were married at St. Mary's, Cadogan Street

Martin — Caldwell

Basil Martin, son of Herbert Martin, of 1, Park Avenue, Golders Green, and Hong Kong, and of the late Mrs. Martin, has married Eve Caldwell, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Henry Caldwell, of 38, Nevin Drive, Chingford, Essex. The marriage took place at St. John's Church, Epping

Craig — Charlton

The wedding of Flying Officer George Dudley Craig, only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Craig, of the Six Lords, Singleborough, Bucks, and Anne Monica (Monny) Charlton, daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. F. H. Charlton, of Charlton House, Tarset, Northumberland, took place at St. Mary's, Cadogan Gardens



Terry — Livingstone-Learmonth

Michael Terry was married at St. George's, Hanover Square, to Ursula Livingstone-Learmonth, younger daughter of Captain and Mrs. N. C. Livingstone-Learmonth, of 19, St. James's Square, S.W.1. He is the only son of the late Major Arthur Terry, and Mrs. Terry, of Windy Ridge, Green Street Hill, Shenley, Herts.

Wrightson — Dunn

Lieut. Rodney Wrightson, third son of Sir Guy Wrightson, Bt., and Lady Wrightson, of Neasham Hall, Darlington, Yorks., and Florence Jean Dunn, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James D. Dunn, of Ferniecraig, Skelmorlie, Ayrshire, were married at the South Church, Skelmorlie. Lieut. Wrightson had just returned from Narvik

Williams — Bonham Carter

Lieut. Peter Temple Williams, R.N., and Daphne Mary Bonham Carter were married at St. Mary's, Buriton, Hants. He is the son of the late Erl Temple Williams, and of Mrs. G. A. C. Elkington, of Mamaku, Masterton, New Zealand, and she is the second daughter of Major A. L. Bonham Carter, of Buriton Manor, Petersfield, and Mrs. Auriol Gaselee

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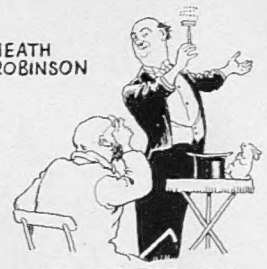

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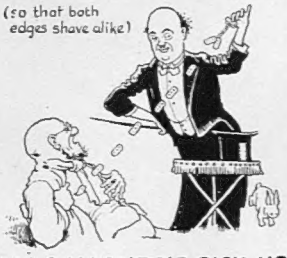

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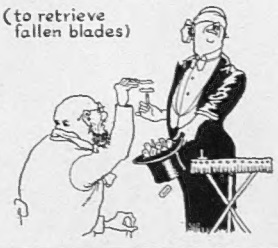

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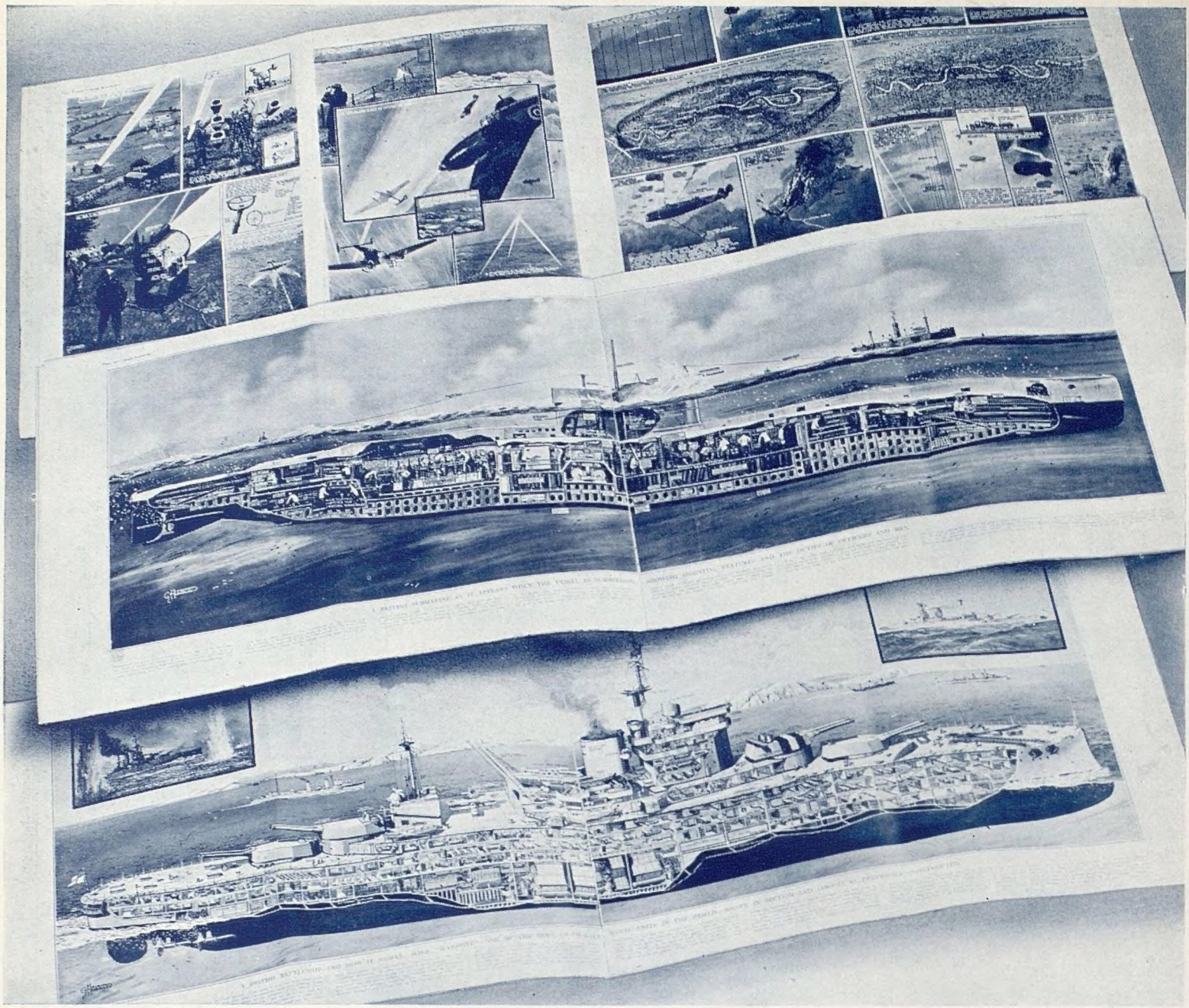

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